

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



MIKE WOLFER
JOHN RUSSO
TOMAS AIRA

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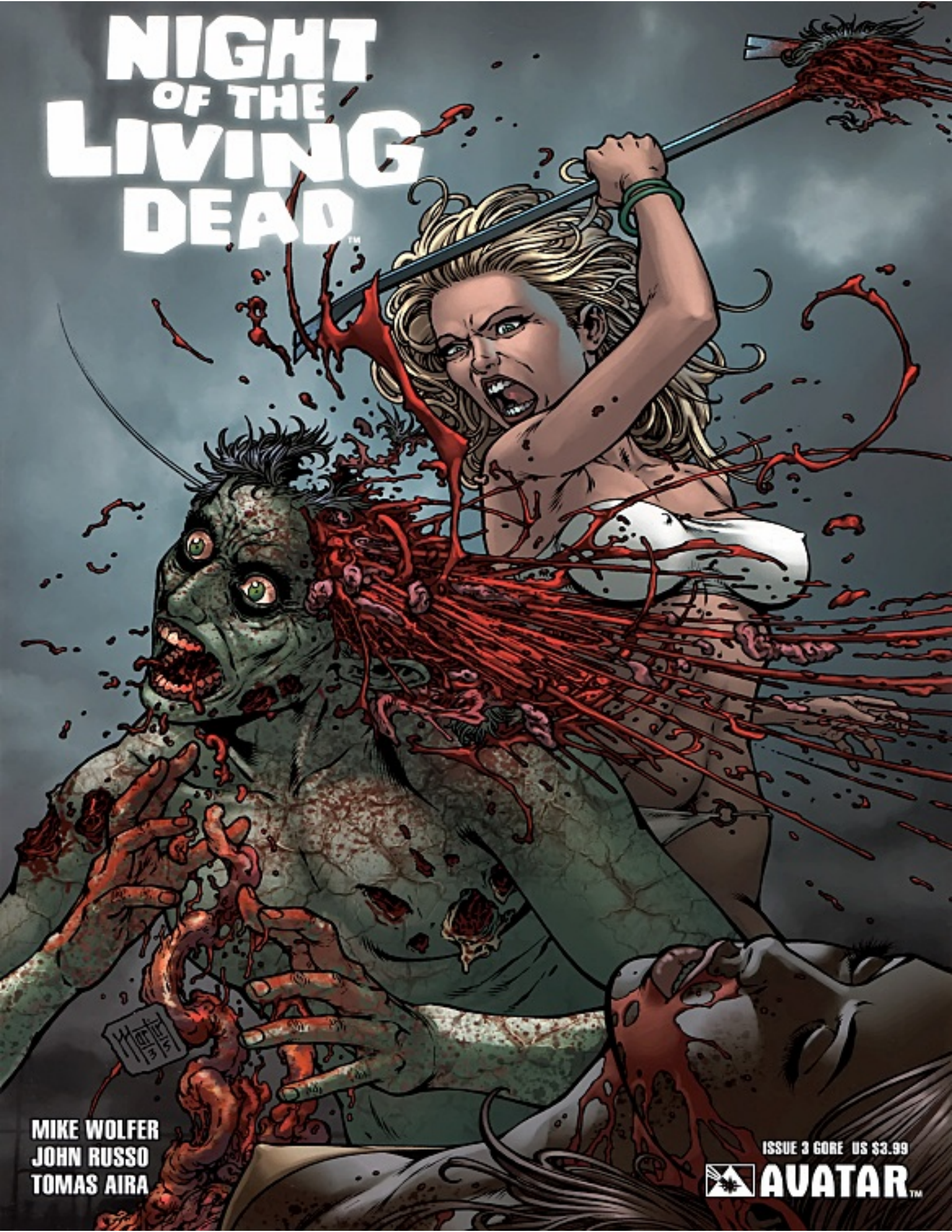
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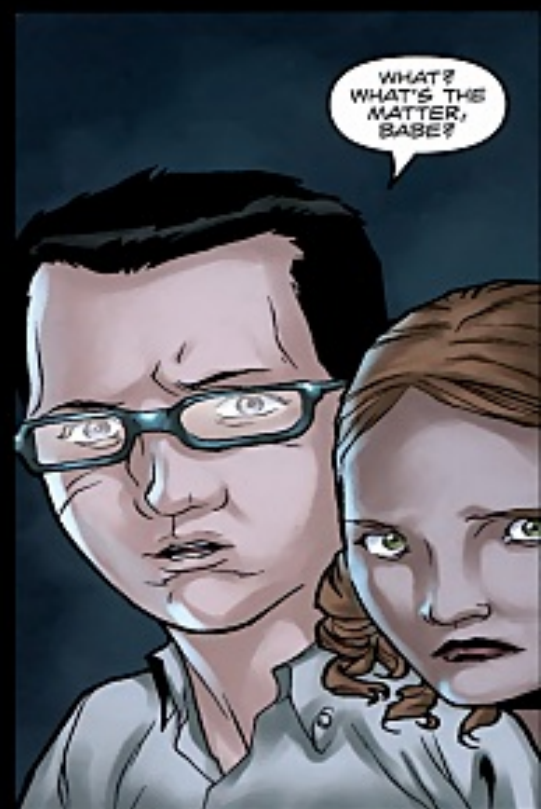
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HEY, FUCK YOU, MAN!

YEAH, FUCK YOU, MAN, YOU COMMUNIST PIG-FUCKERS!

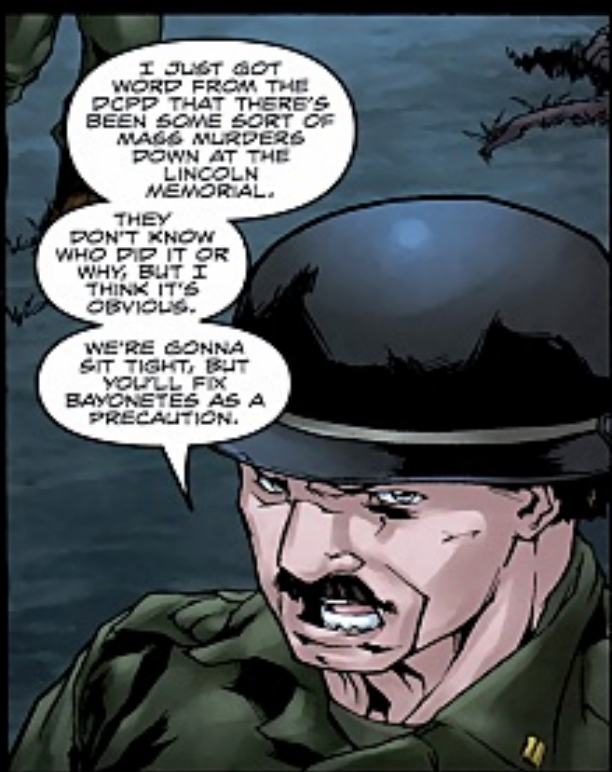


SMITH! YOU GOT A PROBLEM?

NO, SIR.

KEEP IT THAT WAY.

LET'S GO, F4TH! FALL IN!



I JUST GOT WORD FROM THE DCPD THAT THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF MASS MURDERS DOWN AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

THEY DON'T KNOW WHO DID IT OR WHY, BUT I THINK IT'S OBVIOUS.

WE'RE GONNA SIT TIGHT, BUT YOU'LL FIX BAYONETES AS A PRECAUTION.



GAS MASKS AND TEAR GAS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED.

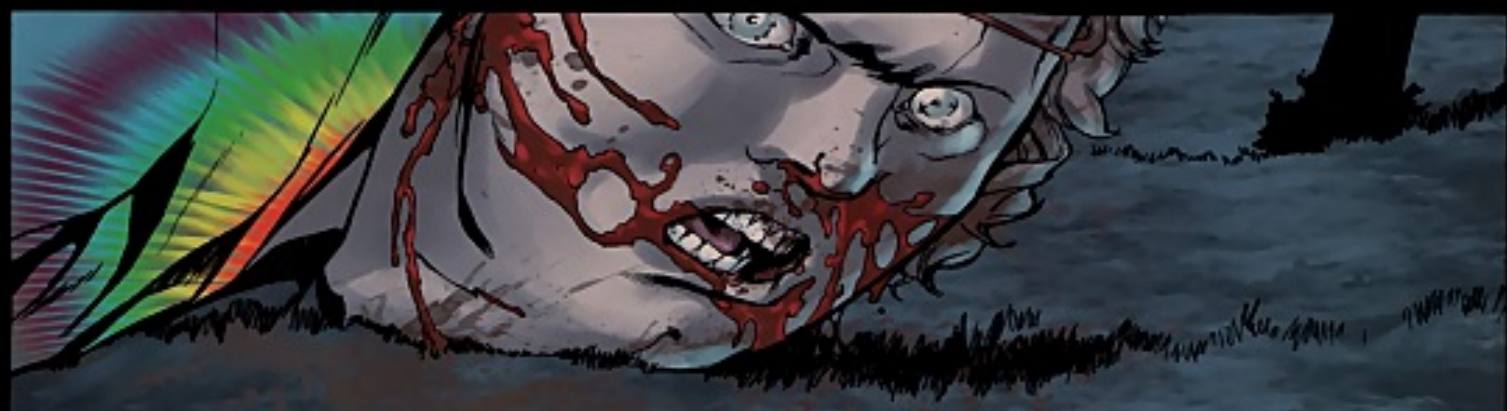
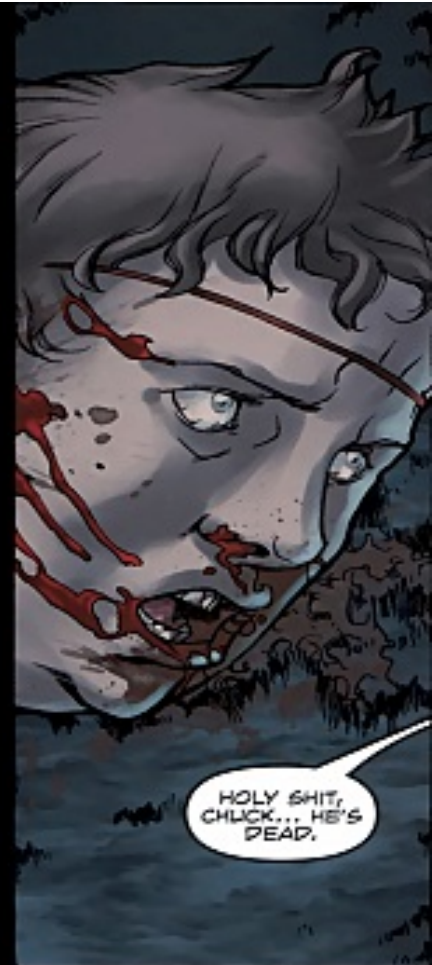
BUT NOBODY 'GOES' UNTIL I SAY, 'GO,' YOU GET ME?

YES, SIR.



WHEN I KNOW MORE, YOU'LL KNOW MORE, BUT UNTIL THEN, STAY SHARP.

GET BACK TO YOUR POSTS.







MR. PRESIDENT,
SIR, I HAVE AN
UPDATE FOR YOU ON
THE SITUATION AT
THE NATIONAL
MALL.

THAT DOESN'T
SOUND
PROMISING...



...IF IT'S
GONE FROM A
"PROTEST" TO A
"SITUATION,"
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

INFORMATION
IS STILL
SKETCHY, BUT
THERE'S BEEN
VIOLENCE, 23
PEOPLE KILLED ON
THE STEPS OF THE
LINCOLN
MEMORIAL.

OH, LORD,
NO... THE NATIONAL
GUARD?



NO, NO. THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
HAS NO IDEA, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS
MOST LIKELY
PROTESTORS, BOTH
VICTIMS AND
ASSAILANTS.

WHICH
DOESN'T MAKE
IT SIT ANY
BETTER. THAT'S
TERRIBLE.

THERE'S
MORE,
ISN'T
THERE?



WELL,
YES.

IT'S
UNSUBSTANTIATED,
TOTALLY
UNCONFIRMED.

WHAT
IS?



EYEWITNESSES
TO THE MURDERS...
THEY SAY THE
ATTACKERS WERE
ZOMBIES.

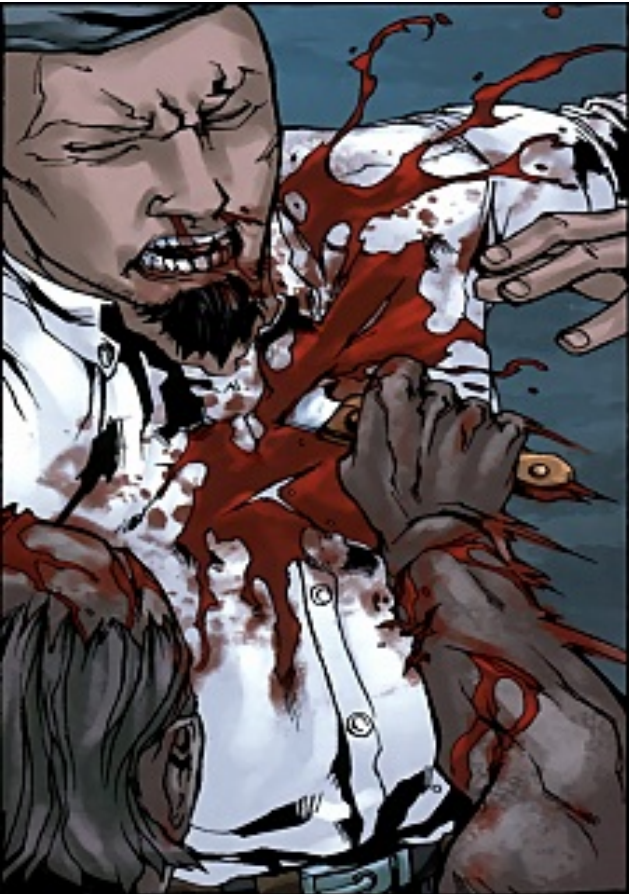
SOME OF
THE VICTIMS'
BODIES WERE
PARTIALLY
EATEN. I
THINK...

IT'S POSSIBLE
THAT THE
PLAGUE ISN'T
OVER LIKE WE
THOUGHT.















GO HOME!
PIS!

I'M
READY.



GO BACK TO
THE WAR,
MURDERER!

WELL,
YOU'RE ON,
BROTHER.

YOU'RE
DOING A
REALLY
BRAVE
THING.



MY NAME IS
CORPORAL
CHRISTIAN NORRIS,
J COMPANY, 86TH
AIRBORNE
DIVISION, US
ARMY.

BURN IN
HELL!

I'M HERE
TO READ A
LETTER
ADDRESSED TO
PRESIDENT
LYNDON B.
JOHNSON.



MR.
PRESIDENT.

I AM A
PROUD AMERICAN
AND I LOVE MY
COUNTRY DEARLY.
WHEN I WAS CALLED,
I ANSWERED, WITHOUT
HESITATION AND
WITHOUT QUESTION.

IN JULY OF 1967, I
WAS DEPLOYED TO
SOUTH VIETNAM, AND WAS
DETERMINED TO DO
EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO
ENSURE THAT DEMOCRACY
STAYED WITHIN THE HANDS
OF THE VIETNAMESE
PEOPLE.

I WAS
IDEALISTIC, AND THE
POLITICS OF WHY WE ARE
THERE WERE LOST TO ME.
BUT I DID NOT WRITE THIS
LETTER TO EXPLAIN WHO I
AM. THE TORMENT IN ONE
MAN'S SOUL, MY SOUL, IS
UNIMPORTANT IN THE
OVERALL SCHEME OF
THINGS.

INSTEAD,
THIS LETTER IS
DESIGNED TO LET
YOU KNOW WHAT IS
REALLY GOING ON IN
VIETNAM, BECAUSE I
HAVE LIVED IT, AND
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.

JUST SOUTH OF THE DEMARCATION LINE WITH NORTH VIETNAM WAS A VILLAGE NAMED HOI LAI.

ON OCTOBER 16TH, 1967, J COMPANY WAS ORDERED INTO HOI LAI TO DO RECONNAISSANCE BECAUSE OF SUSPECTED VIET CONG ACTIVITY WITHIN THE VILLAGE.

J COMPANY ENTERED HOI LAI AND WAS THERE FOR MORE THAN 36 HOURS.



DURING THAT TIME, WE UNCOVERED NOT ONE ENEMY COMBATANT, NO EVIDENCE OF VIET CONG ACTIVITY AND NOT ONE ROUND WAS FIRED AGAINST US.

BUT BEFORE J COMPANY WAS PULLED OUT, OVER 300 SOUTH VIETNAMESE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED.



THE FIRST SUSPECTED ENEMY TO DIE WAS IN A RICE PADDY OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE, WHOSE CRIME WAS RUNNING WHEN WE APPROACHED. SHE WAS SHOT BY A PRIVATE, ON DIRECT ORDER.

THE GIRL WAS ABOUT 20 YEARS OLD AND WAS TRYING TO RECOVER HER BABY, WHO WAS 15 FEET AWAY FROM HER, SLEEPING IN A WICKER BASKET AS SHE WORKED IN THE FIELD.

WHEN WE GOT TO HER, SHE WAS STILL ALIVE, CRYING AND BEGGING FOR MERCY.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER FIRED SEVERAL ROUNDS INTO THE BABY, BEFORE KILLING THE MOTHER.

ONCE WE WERE IN THE VILLAGE, IT ONLY GOT WORSE, AND IT BECAME A DISGUSTING, HORRIFIC BLOODBATH BEYOND IMAGINING. IT WAS INHUMAN WHAT WE DID. ONE SOLDIER COMMENTED THAT THE VIETNAMESE WEREN'T EVEN HUMAN, SO IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT WE DID.

WITH THEIR HANDS RAISED AND PLEADING FOR THEIR LIVES, VILLAGERS WERE ROUNDED UP AND TORTURED, BURNED ALIVE OR DISMEMBERED IN FRONT OF THEIR FAMILIES.



YOUNG GIRLS HAD THEIR THROATS SLIT WHILE THEY WERE BEING RAPED.

BABIES WERE REPEATEDLY THROWN AGAINST THE GROUND TO SEE HOW MUCH THEY COULD ENDURE BEFORE THEIR SKIN RUPTURED.

DOZENS WERE HERDED INTO DITCHES AND SPRAYED WITH AUTOMATIC RIFLE FIRE, AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED AND CRAWLED TO THE SURFACE OF THE DEAD WERE HIT BY GRENADE LAUNCHERS.



THE ONLY SHOT I FIRED WAS INTO MY OWN LEG, SO THAT I COULD BE MEDEVACED OUT.

AND NO ONE WILL TALK, AND THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THE SLAUGHTER EVEN HAPPENED. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS, AND THE VILLAGE WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND AND BURIED.

I WILL NOT NAME THOSE WHO PARTICIPATED. THAT IS FOR YOU TO UNCOVER.

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL SLEEP WELL TONIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT.









